

## Rock of Lazarus by dramamine\_qt

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**Summary:**

A short study of how Will might have felt throughout the tragedies his life turned out to be.

## Rock of Lazarus

### Author's Note:

It is sad boy hours my guys.

Will Byers' life was never normal.

Even from the start when he'd got bullied at school and called names, or when his father would rather drink his head off than to be with his family, or when he noticed that even around his friends – the ones whose weirdness matched his own, at parts – he was still separated. Still alone.

Then he became the zombie boy, too. The one who got caught, who wasn't strong enough to protect himself. Who had to hide and wait to be saved. Who cried and sang himself to sleep, hopeless and afraid.

His life was never normal, but he wanted back the familiarity from before. He wanted to fear only Troy and his mouth-breathers and not the shadows behind his shoulder or the lingering dread the nightmares left him with. He wished his family stopped treating him like he was breakable, a frail thing waiting to shatter at the minimal pressure (even if, inside, he felt exactly like that). Will wished hanging with his friend was just being together and having fun, not a desperate need to have company, some lively colors and sounds around to keep away the memories of the darkness and the solitude.

He sought some sort of normalness with all he had. Will knew how to keep quiet about his feelings, and he was determined to do so. He thought about his mom and how it seemed like every awake moment she had was to worry about him. In the nights he couldn't sleep, Will would listen to the sounds of the house, aware that both his mom and his brother either couldn't sleep or were plagued by nightmares too.

It was his fault. Will brought it to them, and he would be damned if he would make it worse for them.

So he kept quiet.

With his friends, it was easier. When he woke up from his upside down coma, they came to him, enthusiastically, eager to tell him about all the adventures they went through. They found it cool. They found most things cool. And Will did too, at first, because they were all laughing and they were kids that had just survived what only ever existed in their imaginations.

But time went on and while their friends were able to move on and engage with whatever happened with their lives, Will was stuck into that time and space, back where the world was rotten and he could breathe only rage and death. It was exhausting pretending to be in the present and to not ruin everything to everybody just because he felt like losing his mind.

Mike was the closer one, to whom he'd try to talk to and put his uneasiness into words. His friend carried a darkness in his eyes that was new, he had been weighted down too and, even if they couldn't actually touch each other's sorrows or fully understand what happened inside their hearts, it was enough to take some of Will's loneliness.

But how cruel would he be to lean his problems on someone else?

Will was sure that while he acted like things were alright, things would be okay. After a while his mom started seeing someone and Jonathan found a place between Nancy and Steve (it didn't matter if it was bad or good, at least it meant that his brother had his own problems to deal with instead of worrying about Will all the time). No one needed to know about the night terrors or the flashbacks or that he questioned if he would ever feel like himself again.

The visions seemed to be important enough to keep to himself. Seemed too real. And then he was probed and examined once again, like a freaking anomaly.

Like a freak.

When the Shadow Monster possessed him, Will tried to fight. He *tried*. But, once again, he wasn't strong enough, his thoughts were trapped in the fog, following the course of a stream he didn't control.

It was eating him, devouring him inside out, using him as a bridge to hurt everything he knew and loved.

It used him to kill people.

It used his body and his words.

And while losing all his autonomy except for a last desperate attempt to pull through and tap some letters on the wood, Will had to watch silently the emotional pain he was causing to his family and his friends.

He had to witness his mom struggling to keep him tied up to a bed, like a crazy, possessed person being exorcised, and to see Jonathan cry into someone's shoulder because he couldn't bear watching his little brother suffering.

Will couldn't bear the suffering, either. He felt like dying and *oh*, how he was welcoming it. He would never be free, would he? Will didn't see where the shadows stopped and he started anymore.

He felt just pain for so long that he lost the ability to recognize it as it was. When something sharp and hot pierced his side, Will only felt his mind clearer, despite the screams he was aware were coming out of his chest.

Then Will was hugged and taken care of, heard a bunch of words of affirmation and apologies, and he accepted all of it. Out of hunger and despair, the necessity to fill the void that was inside him.

Never had and there will never be a normal life for Will Byers.